THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 1.] SATURDAY, October 6, 1804. [Whole No. 105

INJURED DAUGHTER.

IN

THREE ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

MISS CLIFFORD TO MISS BALFOUR.

Charlotte-street, May 7, 1763.

DID not my dear Miss Balfour tell me that she would favor me with her advice in any thing that seemed to concern my welfare and happiness? Yes, she did; I remember those were her words at parting. Then why should I scruple to unfold to her every secret of my heart. I am certain, that though her superior sense may blame, her lenity will pardon the weakness of an heart which has too much sensibility for its own repose. And yet, madam, when I am about to tell you all my errors, I tremble, least in so doing I should lose your esteem. I have often heard you say, that among all the errors of the female heart, vanity is at once the most dangerous and despicable; then will not Miss Balfour despise her poor Harriet when she hears to what foolish hopes her vanity has led her; for surely it is the height of vanity in me to suppose such a man as Mr. Le Sage could think of a poor girl like me, and yet, when I have told you all, I do not think you will blame me very much, for indeed he is the most generous of men.

You know, madam, my poor mother's circumstances are very much embarrassed, (pardon me for troubling you with such trifles) but yesterday morning she was arrested for fifteen pounds; we had but six guineas in the world, which my mother offered the man, with a promise of paying the remainder when she received her pension. This he refused, and indeed I do not wonder at it; for he is not a rich man, and had waited a long while for his money, (but you know, my dear Miss Balfour, we could not help it) so they called a coach, and were going to take my mother away, when Mr. Le Sage came to the door, for he is not proud, but very often calls upon us, and is as kind and as condescending as a certain young lady, who don't like to be told of her goodness; but *you* know her, madam.

Well, he asked the reason of my weeping, and mamma told him, and would you believe it, he took the men out of the room, and paid it every farthing. When he came in, and told us my mamma should not go to prison, I was so overjoyed, I did not know what to do or say. I do verily believe, if it had not been for shame, I could have kissed him. But as I had cried before for sorrow, so I now cried for joy, and falling on my knees before him, I took both his hands in mine, and prayed to God Almighty to bless him for ever and ever. He raised me up, and pressed me in his arms, said I was a dear good girl, and bade me think no more of the trifle he had advanced, for that he would give twenty times as much to oblige me; for he loved me dearer than his own life, and if I would but love him, he would give me every thing that my heart could wish, and take care of my sister Nancy, and that my dear mamma should never be distressed again.

Oh, dear Madam, you cannot think how my heart fluttered; I was so overcome with joy, that I could not speak a single word; so Mr. Le Sage said he would leave me to compose myself. When he was gone I asked my mamma if she thought he was in earnest, and whether she supposed so rich a gentleman could have honorable designs when he heaped unasked, unexpected favors on such poor folks; she said, she did believe him sincere, and that he only meant honor, and that I should be the happiest woman in the creation; and so indeed I should, if Mr. Le Sage loved me sincerely and honorably, for I always thought him the finest and best tempered gentleman in the world; but believe your poor Harriet, Miss Balfour, when she says, were he the greatest king, and I loved him dearer than my own life, I would die rather than submit to any thing dishonorable; for while I have my reputation unsullied, I should not fear maintaining myself at service,

or some way or other, but if I become a naughty character, every body would despise me, and I should despise myself, and be wretched and miserable as long as I lived.—But I cannot help flattering myself that Mr. Le Sage does not mean to make me such a despicable being, for he called this morning and told me I should have masters to teach me to draw, and play on the piano forte, that I should learn to dance, and speak French, and have every accomplishment befitting a gentlewoman: Is not this very good, madam? He must take care, or he will turn my little head wild; but I will have a guard upon myself, and be very cautious and circumspect in my conduct, and I should be very glad if Miss Balfour would favor me with her advice how I ought to act, and whether I should receive so many favors from a gentleman, before I am certain in what manner he expects them returned.

I write this unknown to my mamma, because I know she would blame me for asking any body's advice but her own, and often calls me squeamish and prudish when I seem unwilling to receive so many obligations from our benefactor; but I know you, madam, will advise me in ever thing that is right, I hope you will pardon this trouble, and permit me the honor of stiling myself your sincere friend,

HARRIOT CLIFFORD.

LETTER II.

EDWARD LE SAGE, ESQ. TO CAPT. WELCOTT.

Windsor, Aug. 20, 1763.

IT is all in vain I may as well attempt to turn the wind, arraign the vivid lightning in its course, convert to constancy the unstable moon, or do any other impossibility, as convince this obstinate Harriot Clifford that happiness is within our reach without the shackles of matrimony, not all her mother's good counsel, not all the fine ladies I have introduced into her company, can persuade her to part with her darling virtue. And yet, Welcott, I am certain the little gipsey loves me. We are obliged to keep her rather a sort of state-prisoner; for she had got a knack of scribbling to that little vixen Anna Balfour, and this meddling Miss gives her the most sage advice imaginable; for the other day she, by accident, dropped one of these letters from her pocket; I took it up unperceived, and conveyed it into my own. When I retired, I honored it with a perusal, and find she advises her to be very cautious of her conduct towards me, and not let me perceive her partiality, for that my character in regard to the female sex was ever doubtful, and is rendered more so of late from my known intimacy with the infamous Welcott, (those were her very words.) After a great deal more to this purpose, she concludes thus:—

"I would not have you place too great a confidence in your mother; you will pardon me, Harriot, but I fear she has not so nice a sense of female honor as is necessary to preserve your reputation unsullied, and your peace of mind unbroken. While Le Sage behaves towards you with respect, you must by no means let him know your suspicions: for if he means honorably, they will offend him; if otherways they will only serve to put him on his guard, and perhaps he would then lay his schemes too deep for you to have the least chance of escaping. If you find he throws off the mask of respect, (for such I suppose it to be) do not scruple to leave your mother's protection, and fly to me, where you will be sure to meet friendship and protection, not only from this designing man, but from the censures of the ill-natured world."

Very pretty, indeed, thought I, but, upon my word, my dear Harriot, these fine schemes wont do, I am not so easily duped as the wise Miss Balfour may suppose. I shall not be at all this expence and trouble for nothing; and after I have got my bird in the cage, leave the door open, and let it escape. No, no, Harriot, I have you in my power, and I am determined to make you submit to what terms I please.

Full of these mighty resolves, I posts away to Mother Clifford's again in the evening, said I wanted a glass of wine, and pressed Harriot to drink one with me. I thought to have given her several, but here I was mistaken; for had I knelt down, and worshipped her, she would not have touched more than one. The convenient mother saw my aim, and so marched out of the room, taking the other girl Nancy wth her. This did not in the least alarm Harriot, as we have frequently spent several hours by ourselves, though I never attempted any further liberties than a modest kiss.

I now drew my chair near her's, and putting my arm around her delicate waist, gave her several fervent kisses. These she quietly submitted to; but when, with sacrilegious hand, I attempted to remove the gauze that faintly shaded the most lovely bosom ever eyes beheld, she immediately caught the alarm, and pushing me from her with more strength than I supposed her mistress of, and darting at me an angry look, she cried,—"What mean you, Sir? While you behave like a man of honor, as such I shall esteem you, but when you, by ungenerously endeavoring to take advantage of the unhappy situation of my mother's affairs, forfeit that character, I would tear you from my heart, though at the expense of my life.

"Then you own, my dear Harriot, it would give you some pain to banish me from your presence?"

"Edward," said she, assuming an air of firmness, "it would be in vain to attempt to conceal the emotions which gratitude has awakened in my bosom. I am a poor distressed orphan, I look round the world, and see not one friend whose heart beats with either affection or pity for the lowly Harriot. My mother, Oh, my mistaken mother, has, instead of being a source of comfort to me, wounded my heart, by giving me advice which I shudder but to think upon. In you, Edward, I thought I had found a disinterested friend, a friend who would protect me, (smile not at my simplicity) if I thought you would protect me through life. Encouraged by your seeming tenderness in this fond belief, I reposed my whole soul in you, I respected you as my benefactor, I esteemed you as my friend, I loved you as my brother. But think not this love shall ever make me forget what is due to myself; be assured I know too well the just value of virtue ever to forfeit it voluntarily, and should think, if deprived of that inestimable jewel, life no longer worth preserving. I could suffer poverty, pain, and sickness without a murmur, while I am possessed of that serenity of mind, which conscious rectitude never fails to inspire. Cease then to endeavour to draw me into the thorny paths of vice, for such a detestation do I feel at the idea of a life of infamy, that it is not the wealth of India could tempt me to endure it."

My dear Harriot," said I, " do you suppose I would drag you into infamy? No, my sweet girl, I would protect you from it at the hazard of my life. Do not my love harbor such a thought; I mean to devote my whole life to you; my fortune is at your disposal—do with me as you please, only deny me not your love.

" Edward," said she, rising from her seat, " I can love and revere a man of true honor and generosity as much as I can despise a cool deliberate villain, therefore, if my regard is of the consequence to you which you pretend, you know by what means to preserve it."

And so Welcott, with a look of mingled contempt and indignation, she darted out of the room, and left me in a very foolish situation. By my soul, I am half tempted to marry her, but that I am almost afraid part of her dignity and virtue is assumed, for never was a woman of more consummate art than her mother—at the same time that she has the most abandoned principles—a girl tutored by such a mother, can never be proper for a wife. No, I will not marry her—I must try a little more persuasions, a little more sighing and dying, for I am determined not to have recourse to that stale trick, a sham marriage. I have furnished them a handsome house in this place, given them the use of a chaise and pair, provided the lovely Harriot with masters to teach her music, dancing, painting and French, furnished her with every article of finery in dress, but these she will not wear, seldom appearing in any thing but a white muslin gown, and never ornamenting her lovely auburn tresses with any thing beside a plain lawn cap. I am determined to triumph over her scruples, if liberal presents, obsequious tenderness and consummate art, can conquer undissembled innocence, and a real regard to virtue. I cannot bear the idea of matrimony—the chain indeed appears silken at first, but a few months converts it to iron; it grows heavy and insupportable—we are unable to break it, and by our continual endeavors to do so, we render it so galling, that we curse the hour when fascinated by a beautiful face we consented to put it on.—Adieu.

Your's,

E. Le Sage.

(To be continued.)

THE SINGULAR HISTORY OF A PEASANT OF SYRIA.

A PEASANT, near Damascus, in the year that the locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell his implements of labor. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, he heard tell of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, character and origin of this warrior. They related the manner he had arisen from the state of slavery to his present greatness.

The astonished countryman knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. A ray of hope revived in his breast. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learnt, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta.—

A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely he will acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy upon his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of a famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He enters the capital and repairs to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presents himself to the prince's attendants and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience: his dress and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain what he sought for; but his age, that age so much respected in the East, pleaded in his favor.

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him. " Let him enter," says he. The peasant advances with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reclining on a sopha, embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out, " You are my child." The Bey raises him up, endeavors to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt and make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometism.

The generous old Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might be dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He stedfastly rejected therefore this offer of his son, and had courage even to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succor, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria, with a small vessel laden with corn.

The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort and happiness.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

MILTON, though he had been so actively engaged in the civil wars, was suffered to live in peace after the restoration, and was even admitted sometimes to an interview with Charles II. One day the good humored monarch said to him, " Pray, Mr. Milton, dont you think the loss of your sight is a judgment upon you, for writing so much against my father?——" Please your majesty (replied Milton) if these things are *judgments*, you should consider that your father *lost his head*."

CARTMEL SANDS,

IN LANCASHIRE (ENGLAND.)

Described by a Traveller.

ARRIVING at the peninsula, we entered upon the wide expanse of Cartmel Sands, almost nine miles across. But though these sands exceeded in the extent those we had already passed, the effect was not equal to the impression we received from the first, both from the circumstance of the charm of novelty being lost, and the boundary of mountains, which lately was so grand, being now dwindled into comparative insignificance. But still the accompaniments were pleasing and curious; promontories and bays, hills and woods, villages and towns, in the distance; and numberless old women and children before us, earning a scanty subsistence by digging cockles out of the sand, which they sell afterwards at two-pence per quart. A little river, flowing across the sands, soon presented itself; but it was small, and passed without the assistance of the guide, who stationed on the margin of the Kent, took us under his protection as we passed this ford, highly dangerous to the incautious traveller, and so perilous even to the more prudent one, that from very early times the office of guide here has been an important object of public cognizance.

For many centuries the priory of Cartmel was under the necessity of providing a proper person for this charge, and received synodals and peter-pence to reimburse their expenses: but since their dissolution, the dutchy of Lancaster grants it by letters patent to a trusty man, whose yearly allowance from the receiver-general is £20. Nor should it appear from the many accidents which have repeatedly occurred on these wastes of sand, that the precaution of a director over the fords is at all unnecessary; but larger still is the list of unfortunate people who have perished on their dreary surface, overtaken by darkness, or involved in unexpected mist. Inevitable destruction is the consequence of either of these disasters, since the moment the traveller has lost the distant marks which guide his course, diverted from the line he should pursue, he either turns towards the ocean, or, taking a contrary direction, wanders over the waste, "still more and more astray," till he is overtaken by the tide returning with an impetuosity not to be escaped, to cover the flat which for a time it had deserted.

An accident of a very melancholy nature, which nearly involved a whole family in its catastrophe, is yet fresh in the recollection of all the neighboring country, though it occurred nearly half a century ago.

An old fisherman sat out to cross the sands from Cartmel one morning, driving in his little cart his two daughters, followed by his wife on horseback, the whole party in gala dress for a day's enjoyment at Lancaster fair. Having journeyed half-way across the sands, a thick fog suddenly arose, and involved them in its darkness. The track now became obscure, and whilst the travellers were anxiously endeavoring to trace it, the water began to deepen around them. Bewildered with alarm, the poor man stopped his cart, and desiring the women to remain quiet, said he would go a few steps forward, and endeavor to trace his well-known marks. He accordingly went, but returned no more. Distracted with apprehensions for his safety, the faithful and affectionate wife would not listen to the prayers of the daughters, to hasten on from the inevitable destruction with which the rising waters now threatened her, but wandered about the spot where she had missed her husband, calling vainly on his name, till she was washed from her horse, and found the same common grave with him.

The sagacity of the horse saved the lives of the two young women. Perfectly petrified with grief and alarm, they lost the guidance of the animal, who, turning again into the road to Cartmel, at length brought them in safety to their homes. On the ensuing day, the bodies of the faithful old couple were found upon the sands.

CURIOUS PARTICULAR

OF THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

NEAR one half of the way between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, is a morass overgrown with a kind of long grass, the rest of it a plain, with some few oak and pine trees growing thereon. I observed here a number of rattle-snakes. Monsieur Pinniance, a French trader, told me a remarkable story concerning one of these reptiles, of which, he said, he was an eye-witness. An Indian, belonging to the Memomanie nation, having taken one of them found means to tame it; and when he had done this, treated it as a Deity; called it his great father, and carrying it with him in a box, wherever he went. This the Indian had done for several summers when Monsieur Pinniance accidentally met with him at his carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprized, one day, to see the Indian place the box which contained his god, on the ground, and opening the door, gave him his liberty; telling him whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but Oct. Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough when May arrived for the arrival of his great father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience, that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into the box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May was fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again, when the Indian set down his box and called for his great father. The snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet, if his great father came not within two days more. This was further agreed on; when, behold, on the second day, about one o'clock, the snake arrived, and of his own accord crawled into the box. which was placed ready for him.—The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt his veracity.

A sullen wise man is as bad as a good natured fool.—Knowledge, softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love.

EMILUS AND CLARA;

OR, THE HAPPY PAIR.

"Each was to each, a dearer self."

Thompson.

EVERY day after work Emilus congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin attractions in Clara, seated at her side, over the frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been laboring ever since the sun had arose, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed the repose; "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and children were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children, always augmented their felicity—They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares & caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilus and Clara, to interpret their will! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes!

Ah! how happy was Emilus, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, & embrowned by the wind and weather! The son one day was curious to know the reason of this: "And why papa," said he, "is not your hand as soft as mine? Why is it so hard papa?"—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilus, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is you see, almost worn out in the service,"—"Oh! oh!" cried the child, "is that the case? Well then, by the time is has made us a little more bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread too; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be the hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: Emilus blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

WHY NOT MARRY IN MAY.

PLUTARCH says that the Romans did not marry in the month of May, because it took its name from aged persons *majores*, for whom marriage was no longer seasonable; and, for that reason, they referred to the month of June, which takes its name from *juniors*, young people, or because, in the month of May, they made expiations which did not agree with marriage. According to others, it was, because they celebrated in this month the festival *Lemuria*, consecrated to the *Lemures*, which were malignant spirits, whose ill-will they feared. In its origin, this feast was called *Remuralia*, or *Remuria*. Romulus had established it to appease the manes of Remus.—The custom of not marrying in the month of May, is still in force amongst many people, without their knowing that it comes from the Romans. M. Asstruck says, that it is received amongst the people of Lower Languedoc; they think it an imprudence which draws on a premature death. To avoid which, they make haste to conclude it in the month of April, or else they wait till the month of June.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

(From a Liverpool paper.)

THE affection of the parent-bird to its young, was never more forcibly displayed than in the following instance:—Last week an unfeeling boy purloined a thrush's nest near Rockliffe, and exultingly bore away his prize towards this city, where he lives. The dam, who had recently quitted her young, was not ignorant of the theft, but, with unceasing solicitude, pursued them step by step. The boy and his companion perceiving this repeatedly put down the nest; which she as constantly dropped into, and maintained possession until almost grasped with the hand.

——————"O what passions then,
"What melting sentiments of kindly care,
"The watchful songstress felt!"—

Thus they travelled on together, until the boy reached home when he deposited the nest within the house. The disconsolate dam, watching an opportunity, sprung in at the window with as much alacrity as another bird would have rushed out! Again she claimed her progeny, and could not be driven away.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

A BRICKLAYER having slipped from the top of a house he was repairing, had the good fortune to save his life by falling on an unlucky passenger, who died a victim to the violence of the shock. The friends of the man who was killed, insisted on satisfaction, according to the old law of life for life, and took the poor bricklayer before a magistrate, who whimsically as well as justly decreed, that one of the friends of the deceased should mount to the top of the house from whence the culprit fell, and the bricklayer should stand in the same place that the man had stood when he fell, and the prosecutor have full liberty to throw himself upon him with all his force.

CONSCIOUS UNWORTHINESS.

A COUNTRY gentleman walkin in his field, saw his gardener asleep under a tree. "What! (said he) asleep when you should be at work, you idle wretch, you are not worthy that the sun should shine upon you."—"I am truly sensible of my own unworthiness, (replied the man) and therefore I laid myself down *in the shade*."

A RETORT.

THE duke of Newcastle, when prime minister, once told the author of Tristram Shandy, that men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of business. "They are not *incapable* of business, my lord, but *above it*," replied Sterne; "a sprightly generous horse is *able* to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 6, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 49 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 7—abscess 1—casualty (a child between 3 and 4 years old, which, having accidentally got hold of a bottle of spirituous liquor, drank so much as to occasion its death) 1—cholera morbus 1—convulsions 6—debility 2—decay 1—dropsy 1—dysentary 1—nervous fever 3—typhus fever 2—flux 8—inflammation of the lungs 1—melancholy 1—old age 1—sore throat 1—syphilis 1—teething 2—whooping cough 2—and 6 have fallen victims to the small-pox—

Of the above 7 were men—8 women—18 boys, and 16 girls.

Of the whole number 14 were under the age of 1 year—7 between 1 and 2—10 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—1 between 30 and 40—3 between 50 and 60—3 between 60 and 70—and 3 between 70 and 80.

Particulars of the Murder of Ira Lane, by David Williams.

(From a Canandaigua paper)

His mother being a widow, married a second husband, with whom she now lives and with whom David lived, but for whom he had lost all affection, for reasons we do not say are well or ill-founded.—About the age of 15 David was one day, much against his will, by order of his step-father, detained from school for the purpose of assisting in business of the farm. On this day, by accident, a log rolled on and injured one leg, that it never could be restored to much use; and since that time, by some other accident, he has been injured in the other, so that he has become a cripple to that degree that he cannot walk a mile in a day. At this misfortune, he continually repined and blamed, the step father for keeping him that day from school whereby he received his wound, and mortified at his appearance among his mates, some of whom, he says, ridiculed him, he became weary of life, and determined to end his misfortunes and his life: for this means suicide and murder presented themselves to him, the first awhile appeared the most eligible, but it brought to him the horrors of appearing by his own violence before God, who would not pardon him, and he was induced to abandon that for the latter, which would offer him a better excuse to God; besides, death by hanging by other hands than his own was desirable. He familiarised this mode by dwelling much on it; he became attached to it as a very pleasing scene to pass through, The consideration of the grief it must occasion to his mother at times almost unbent his resolution; but the idea of its being a sweet revenge to his step-father, aroused his resolution to the act, and bore down every other consideration. Thus determined, the next thing was a subject on whom the deed might be committed. A grown person or a child was the question. The former, he concluded, must be under sin and guilt, therefore by a sudden death, and unpreparedness, his damnation might be chargeable to him, and he be doubly guilty; the latter being more innocent, he might avoid that charge, and resolved on it; but no one in particular occurred to him at any time until five minutes before the committing of the deed, a period of about six months. All the morning of the day, and until he executed his plan, he felt an irresistible desire to murder, a desire, as he expresses it, "like one hankering after fruit." Ira, a twin son of Mr. Lane, gathering plumbs alone, and the parents being absent, afforded a favorable opportunity and subject; he instantly seized a musket, fired at, and slightly wounded him in the side of the abdomen. He then led the innocent victim into the house, and on the bed, and took a station at the door. Ira, after a little time, got from the bed and going for the door, to see if his father was coming, was told by David that his father would come by and by, and ordered him to bed again, and to be still; to which he submitted. Perceiving the wound not mortal, David thought his work but half finished, and the reward only the state prison for life; it must be completed, and he took the ax, went to the bed, struck it twice into Ira's head, and with the third struck his head nearly off.

David often considered of the grief he would bring on his mother, but it never once occurred to him that any would be brought to the parents of the to be murdered child. His whole intent appears to have been on the main object *hanging*. He supposed that perpetration of the murder, when, it appeared to him, his situation would recommend him to, demand or excite the mercy and forgiveness of God, and because the crime had been committed under so many palliating circumstances, his appearance before God, occasioned by other hands than his own by violence, must entitle him to mercy.

His own account admits that the example of a pious mother and brother were uninfluential with him; he had an evil temper; against the indulgence of it he had often been warned, tho' he never committed any other crime, of any degree, than that for which he is to atone with his life. He is distressed for his unhappy mother, laments the sorrow of the bereaved parents, is much concerned for his state, but has no desire to escape his punishment; yet had he not committed the act, and could live innocent as before, he thinks that he would not do the like, and life might yet be desirable to him.

French Princesses' household.

Each of their Imperial Highnesses the princesses [of France] sisters to the emperor, is to have her private establishment and household, consisting of one court martial, one master of the horse, one prefect of the palace, one master of the ceremonies, two chamberlains, two ladies in waiting, four maids of honor, six ecuyres, eight pages, four chambermaids, six valets de chambre, six coachmen, and ten grooms and postilions, not including valets, butlers, stewards, jockies, cup-bearers, cooks, &c. The expense of the whole is taken from his majesty the emperor's private purse, and no person can obtain any appointment without being previously approved of by his majesty the emperor, whose commission they will receive. *London paper.*

LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR AUGUST.

EVENING AND PROMENADE DRESSES.

1. Morning dress of fine cambric; the back full, and fastened on each shoulder with a button; long sleeves; cap of lace or ribbon, with a deep lace border; a rose in front.—2. A round dress of fine muslin over pink silk; the front plain and low, short sleeves a small lace cap, ornamented with a bunch of flowers.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. A round dress of white muslin, with short sleeves; small bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with a white feather, and tied under the chin with pink ribbon.—2. A Russian morning dress of cambric, made high in the neck, with a round collar; long sleeves, the sides and bottom trimmed with a narrow flounce; a mistake hat of straw or chip.

Observations.—The prevailing colors are lilac, purple, blue, buff, and yellow. Scarf cloaks of leno or worked muslin, over colored silks, are universally worn. The large Ohio hat of straw or muslin, ornamented with feathers or flowers, are generally adopted.

Married,

On Saturday, 22d ult. at Marlborough, Mr. Francis Pell, of this city, to Miss Sally Lewis, of the former place.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Benjamin De Forest, Merchant, to Miss Mary Burlock, both of this city.

At Esopus, on Thursday evening last, Mr. John Storry, of this city, to Mrs. M'Gregor, of Esopus.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. A. S. Levy, Merchant, to Miss Arabella Myers, both of this city.

Died,

At Savannah, on the 13th ult. Mr. John Wallace, Esq. British Vice-Consul for Georgia.

On Thursday morning, Miss Eliza Buchanan, daughter of Mr. Walter Buchanan, Merchant, of this city.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of his instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

NO. 417,

PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

SAMUEL MOOR'S

Evening Tuition for Young Ladies, will commence on the 15th inst. For particulars apply as above.

NO. 90.

CHAMBER-STREET, NEW-YORK.

A. PICKET'S *Evening Tuition* for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, will commence the 15th inst..... For particulars apply as above.

N. B. A separate apartment is provided for Young Ladies, their tuition will be under the immediate direction of A. P.

ROOMS TO LET, IN BROAD-WAY.

The upper part of the house No. 112, nearly opposite the City-Hotel—also the Store below, either separate or together. Apply on the premises.

The Lady, who (on Tuesday evening last) called at a certain house in Winne Street for information on a certain subject, is hereby informed, that by calling at any time at No. 9, Old Slip, she will there be gratified with any information she may require on said subject.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

FANCY BASKETS AND WOODEN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets.—Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brass, Iron and Wooden bound. Coolers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvitæ Pestle and Morters. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his Native Home.

While at the foot of some old tree.
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his Native Home.

Though Love a fragment couch may weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still Mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And Reason scorn the splendid hoard;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his Native Home.

To him the rushes roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
While pomp, and pride, and pow'r appear,
At best, the glitt'ring plagues of men!
Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their Native Home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With meditation and the Muse!
Or round the social winter fire
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse:
Tho' winds may howl and waters foam,
I still shall bless my Naaive Home.

And oh! when youth's extatic hour
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest low'r,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast;
My shade, no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the *Grave a peaceful Home.*

ON SLAVERY.

[From The Pleasures of Hope.]

ETERNAL Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land;
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all;
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil,
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge;
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quivered Chief of Congo lov'd to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own:
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came:—Alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's Chief, on yonder Indian isles;
Forever fall'n! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint! bleeding! bound! he weeps the night away,
And, when the sea wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, forever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew;* at that alarum knell,
His guardian angel took a last farewel!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!—
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whisp'ring low,
Unhallow'd vows to guilt the child of woe;
Friendless thy heart; and canst though har[b]or *there*
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

And say, supernal powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet withour a name—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exalt to see
Peace to the *slaves*, and *vengeance* on the *free!*

* *The negroes in the West-Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.*

EPITAPH.

Written by a Passenger, on a Blank Tomb-Stone.

HERE lies a thing that once had life,
His name was this, or that or t'other;
He took a woman for his wife,
And had a female for his mother.

His legs were longer than his toes,
And when they mov'd about, he walk'd:
He had a tongue, the story goes,
And when he talk'd at all, he talk'd.

Betwixt the poles, on good dry ground,
He liv'd, this side the moon, no doubt;
He died, but whether hang'd or drown'd,
'Twould cost too much to find it out.

His nose was 'twixt his eyes, and fast;
His eyes were two, and side by side,
He died, just when he breath'd his last,
And liv'd just till the day he died.

To tell his many deeds, or few,
I thank my stars, is not my task;
Perhaps another knows, or knew,
And he who wants to know, may ask.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, *Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.*

N. B: Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, *Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.*

W. D. LEZELL.

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